

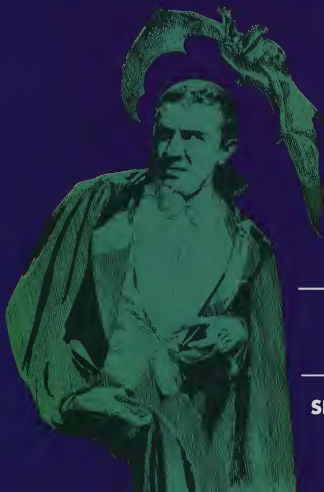
JUNE 1966

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MODERN

MONSTERS



COUNT DRACULA

**BLOOD! BULLETS!
AND BOND!!**

**SPECIAL INTERVIEW
WITH
NICK ADAMS**





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**PHOTO CREDITS AND
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:**

We sincerely thank: American International Pictures, Allied Artists Pictures, Astor Pictures, Columbia Pictures, Film Classics, Inc., George Stevens Prods., Realart Pictures, Republic Pictures Corp., Screen Gems, Twentieth Century Fox, United Artists Corp., Universal Pictures, and Warner Bros. Pictures.

MODERN MONSTERS magazine is published bi-monthly by Prestige Publications, Playboy Bldg., Los Angeles, 69, California. Single copy 50c (in U.S.A. — \$3.00 per year) outside U.S.A. \$4.50. Manuscripts, photos and cartoons submitted will be returned if postage is included. This refers to unpublished material. No picture, article, story or item from this magazine may be reprinted without written permission from MODERN MONSTERS magazine.

MODERN MONSTERS

JUNE 1966

COLLECTORS COPY
NUMBER 2

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You are about to hear the ravings of a proud and happy editor, made so by your letters and cards. We had no idea of the tremendous response we would get to our first issue. We had high hopes that it would please the thousands of you who follow and enjoy horror and science fiction motion pictures as much as I do, but it is gratifying to know that my opinions and personal beliefs are shared by so many. As long as the letters keep coming in, we will know more of what you want. As long as we know what you want, we will try and give it to you. Unfortunately we can not print all of the letters. They in themselves would take a magazine. We shall therefore print some of them, and as an extra measure of thanks, in each issue print some of the names and towns of our other "writers". Sooner or later you will see yourself in print, thereby at least knowing we've read your particular letter or card, and only because of time and space haven't printed it. Thank you again, all of you.

Editor

Editor Collins,

Let me say that I enjoyed your magazine, and was quite pleased by the lack of those asinine pun captions which are so prevalent in other publications of this type. Having read the so-called "collectors" editions of horror magazines, I feel that you have made an honest and sincere effort to

produce a serious mature magazine.

However, I find your publication suffers from a serious and annoying problem of the spelling of actors' and characters' names. Among them are; You misspelled Claude Rains name as Raines, Conrad Veidt's last name is not Veigt; lastly, in the movie *THE BLACK CAT*, the character portrayed by Bela Lugosi is not Werdegast. The full name was *Wit* Werdegast, although the "w's" were pronounced like "u's". While on the subject of *The Black Cat*, I feel you have terribly shortchanged the credit due to this motion picture in your "Shock Theatre" section. You failed to mention that Poelzig had kept Werdegast's wife in a state of preservation. Another important feature of this film you neglected was that Karl-Off, as Poelzig, wanted Joan as a sacrifice for his cult of Satan Worshipers. Werdegast, not wanting to see this happen as his mission was to destroy Poelzig, challenged him to a game of chess with Joan as a prize. Werdegast, of course, lost. Also, as I remember, Peter and Joan regarded Dr. Werdegast as their enemy along with Poelzig. In the ending, when Peter rushed upon the scene of Werdegast's efforts to "pare the skin . . . bit by bit" from Poelzig's body, he shot Werdegast. Werdegast, as he is dying, tells Peter something to the effect that he was only trying to help him. Then he tells the two to flee, and sets off the mecha-

nism that blows Poelzig's house to oblivion.

My sincere desire is to see you do an article on it as you did on *THE RAVEN* and *THE INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*.

While your *FRANKENSTEIN* article was good, you apparently were unaware that Thomas Edison made a movie version of *FRANKENSTEIN* in 1910. Also, I felt you were a little harsh on *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN*. But on the whole, I thought it was interesting and entertaining. Some suggestions. How about an article on amateur monster movies and magazines? An article on old serial heroes such as Captain America, Batman, Flash Gordon etc., instead of just a few pictures, would be appreciated. Also how about an article on great movies from the silent era such as *THE LOST WORLD* (1925), *NOSFERATH* (1922), *METROPOLIS* (1927), *THE GOLEM* (1915), etc. You seemed to marvel at the dynamation process used in *JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS* (as I did), yet you failed to mention the remarkable man responsible for developing Dynamation and the marvelous animation used in *JASON AND THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* — Ray Harryhausen! Also, the "bird men" were called "Harpies". Also there was no "Giant Achilles" as such, but the brass giant, TALOS, with the Achilles heel.

I hope you haven't interpreted my

criticism wrongly as it is my desire to see you improve and up grade your efforts.

BILL SCHREIBER
SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIFORNIA
Dear Bill,

We are glad you enjoyed our magazine as a whole, and find your comments most interesting. The spelling of Claude Rains & Conrad Veidt, corrected by you were typographical errors, but you are alert. As far as Werdegast, you are doubly alert. WE WERE WRONG! Looking over our research we found that some of the information we had gotten from the studios had it spelled incorrectly. We checked with Edgar Ulmer, the man who directed and co-wrote the movie and he said YOUR SPELLING WAS RIGHT! We salute you.

As far as your further explanation of the plot, that was a little unnecessary. I thought I had made it clear that SHOCK THEATRE was just "Thumb Nail" sketches of films, maybe I didn't. THE BLACK CAT will be reviewed completely in a later issue. I hope that will make you feel better. Historically you are correct on the first FRANKENSTEIN being made by Thomas Edison in 1910, but it did not fit our article since it was more an experiment than a story. Again, you're alert. Because of Lugosi's part in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN, that film has become the source of many an argument among the fans, so I'd just as soon accept the fact that it is only one opinion against another. It was unfair for us to leave out Mr. Harryhausen in JASON & THE ARGONAUTS, but we were tight on space, and this man deserves a book to himself. Hope you like this issue. and keep up the good work.

ED.

Dear Sir,

I read your article, THE EDITORS PHILOSOPHY, and I feel you are so right about magazines making fun about monsters, ghouls etc. If you will please send me a letter back and tell me if you write most of the monster pictures. I will give you some of my ideas of a story.

One of your readers;

Tim Wiemers,
East Alton, Ill.

Dear Tim,

Glad you approve of the column. Have had many comments about it and all were in favor. As to the other, it is my job to write about, review and give an opinion or two on monster films, but not write them for production.

ED.

Dear Sir,

I have just finished reading your magazine and I just think it's great. I am a great monster fan and I buy anything on the market that has anything to do with monsters. I have many many monster magazines and I find yours the best. You are different from others. What I like by golly is that you don't kid around but give facts. You don't go into detail whether the movie failed because of direction, acting etc., but you just say if the picture was successful or not. That is what I like. Now I have two things to ask you. 1) In your story INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS you said first, one day someone is going to make a list of the top ten monster movies. Believe me I would like to see this in your magazine and I know it will be worth reading. 2) Sir, my favorite top five monster movies in order; 1) HOUSE OF USHER, 2) PIT AND THE PENDULUM, 3) HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL, 4) THE TINGLER, 5) THE WASP WOMAN

The thing is my friends and I disagree on monster movies and we all tell each other "you have bad taste". My address is at the top of the page and I would like to know what all you fellows thought of these movies. I mean if you thought they had low budgets, good or bad acting, you know, the works. It would mean a lot to me.

Thank You
Jeff McCarter
Cambridge, Md.

Dear Jeff,

Don't feel bad about your friends disagreeing with you on your choice of monster pictures, that's the story of life. Obviously you are a Vincent Price fan by your choice of pictures. The lowest budget picture you named was THE WASP WOMAN, HOUSE OF USHER, and PIT AND THE PENDULUM were both in color and panavision, and were two of the top American International pictures of their history. HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL and THE TINGLER, spent double a normal budget on both the pictures, and the advertising gimmicks that accompanied both films. As far as acting laurels are concerned, my choice for the best performances by an entire cast in your selection would be PIT AND THE PENDULUM. HOUSE OF USHER would probably qualify for the most spectacular, and THE WASP WOMAN for the most unusual. Your choice of films is a good choice. You have picked at least three of the better type films, and two of the more than passable.

As far as the top ten horror-science-fiction films of all time, it would be

hard to figure that out without careful thought. I still believe INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS would be one of the top science fictions. As a Price fan, you might be interested in knowing that his life story and photos is planned for the immediate future issue.

ED.

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on a job well done! Your first publication of MODERN MONSTER was tops. It really established you in the field of monster magazines, and from all reactions from my friends you will stay there. One item I noticed you had and which (THAT OTHER MAGAZINE) lacks is your serious point of view. If you take the topic of shock movies lightly, you will lose your readers who are really interested. I believe this is to be your magazine's greatest accomplishment, and I am glad to see, finally, a mature magazine of this type. Your articles, especially THE FRANKENSTEIN STORY were excellent. The photographs were above average. The art work (speaking as an amateur artist) left quite a bit to be desired. I may, in the future send in some of my own "Monsterish" creations. I hope you will enjoy them.

Thanks again for a good job!!!

DREW HUNTER
SHREVEPORT, LA.

Dear Drew,

Thank you, thank you. We try to please and shall go on trying. We have plans of a forthcoming contest on "art work". Why not save your little "goodies" until then. You might win.

ED.

Dear Sir,

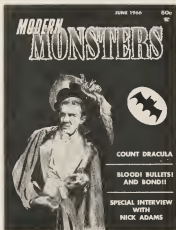
In a future issue could you have a feature or two of what I consider the greatest science fiction movies ever made. These are VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED and CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED. These two films, to my knowledge haven't been given much attention in any monster magazine.

Yours truly,
CHARLES BOGDEN JR.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Dear Charles,

Though both the stories were good in VILLAGE and CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, we feel that the reason you haven't seen them is for their theme. Much like THE BAD SEED, and MACABRE, these pictures offended a good majority of the public because of their constant referrals to children. We will try and give you something on these films, because, by in large, they were excellent. Please bare with us.

ED.



THE EDITOR'S PHILOSOPHY

Before I go into any discussion, may I spend just a brief minute to thank all of you for your hundreds of letters and cards wishing us well. Your comments, some good and some bad, will help us turn out what you really want. I sincerely hope we do not let you down, as some of our competitors have, by your remarks. It is, of course, difficult to please everyone, every time, but we enjoy them, and they help us to decide what you want most. We will print as many of them as we can, as soon as we can. Please be patient and once again, thanks from me to you for all your kind wishes.

In the last issue, I made a bold statement as to "What was Bela Lugosi's Best Film?" Many of you sharpened your pencils and came up with some wild answers. There must really be some Bela Lugosi fans in this world, because so many of you picked so many different titles, that it really amazed me. I had envisioned you would select a choice few, but you hit every one. You, as a combined audience, were saying in so many words, that all his films were great. Well, between you and me and the fence post, I agree with you. Many of his films were outstanding. You can't argue with successful history. However . . . here is where I temporarily lose some new friends. My own personal choice, and it is only mine, there is no committee here judging or otherwise, is "DRACULA."

Now I know many of you expected something "way out". Something different. I have letters raving about every film from "THE BLACK CAT" to "BRIDE OF THE MONSTER". From a technical, artistic and dramatic position, "DRACULA" gave Bela Lugosi more, and Bela Lugosi gave more to "DRACULA" than any of his other many marvelous screen portrayals. There were

moments in "THE RAVEN", for instance, that his ability showed through brilliantly. There were moments of tenderness in "THE BLACK CAT", where another side of Bela came into focus. The character of Igor in "SON" and "GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN" was definitely one of his most memorable, and terrifying. The tried and true test came to him in "DRACULA", since the part fit him to a "T". The general all-around character was better for him than some of the others. From an actors standpoint, he got into the part quicker, and with greater ease than in the other films, and he never looked uncomfortable . . . never once.

In "DRACULA" he set a precedent that would label both the character and him until the hands of the clock stopped moving. Stoker may have written the book, but Lugosi created the character. In films like, "THE INVISIBLE RAY", "THE BODY SNATCHER", and "BLACK FRIDAY", he only played half a part. He didn't "feel" the part, so it turned out less convincing. Many of you objected to my criticizing his MONSTER in, "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN". Please remember, I mentioned he just was not right for the part. Some of you have said I was too hard on him in that picture. If all of his films were just "good" films, I probably would never have noticed the difference, but here was a man with dynamic magnetism, fire and then to see him stumble around . . . ? You can't blame me for finding fault, when I had seen what he had done in "DRACULA."

You see, I'm not all bad. I'm really not opinionated, and I really enjoy raving about someone worth raving about. I've always enjoyed Lugosi, and because of that, even a minor disappointment, can be a major disaster. Most of you didn't pick "DRACULA", because you were sure I had something up my sleeve. The list I received from all of you included, "THE BLACK CAT", "THE RAVEN", "INVISIBLE RAY", "DEATH KISS", "RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE", "SON OF FRANKENSTEIN", "ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN", "THE WOLFMAN", "NIGHT MONSTER", "BODY SNATCHER", "APE MAN", "INVISIBLE GHOST", "PHANTOM SHIP", etc., etc. Every title but "DRACULA". We did get a couple of DRACULA'S, but they were from a few brave souls who dared. That's the real beauty of having a villain like this. It proves, if nothing else, that tastes vary in extreme degrees. "DRACULA" was "THE" perfect blend of story, director, and star. It takes this magic combination to make a film great, and because of this blend, Bela Lugosi became an overnight sensation. Before I receive two thousand letters on that statement, I'd better clear it up just a bit. Bela had worked hard in many stage productions and movies in his native Hungary before starring in DRACULA. He had, indeed, spent many long years as an unknown, but competent actor. "DRACULA" was his break. To Bela Lugosi, "DRACULA" was his life, and his death.

In the next issue, I will give you what I think are the prime ingredients for a good fantasy-horror-science fiction film, and why, without these precious ingredients, so many fail. Until next time, good reading, and pleasant dreams.

M.M.interviews Nick Adams

can you... ..face the **ULTIMATE** in **DIABOLISM**
...can you stand **PURE TERROR?**



In an attempt to live up to our name, "MODERN MONSTERS," we will bring to you in this section, each issue, a candid interview with a famous personality, either an individual not previously associated with horror films, or one who is seldom seen or heard from. We sincerely hope you will enjoy this effort.

NICK ADAMS is a man with a short but distinguished career, and a bright future. He is candid, to the point, and an interesting human being. Recently he entered the world of Monsters and Fantasy in American International's "DIE, MONSTER, DIE." An unusual talent and a craftsman in every word, Nick humbly admits to be learning every day. People like Nick Adams are few and far between. A monster fan since childhood, Nick makes his debut with the king, Boris Karloff. With television shows like his "REBEL" series, and feature films such as PICNIC, REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE, THE HOOK, and YOUNG DILLINGER to his credit, and an Academy Nomination for his performance in TWILIGHT OF HONOR, Nick now opens a new door to his personality, and an even newer character emerges.

MODERN MONSTER: We are going to try and establish, for our readers, how, and why you took on such a picture as DIE MONSTER, DIE, a complete change

FROM AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL in **COLORSCOPE**
Produced by DANIEL HALLER · PAT GREEN · JAMES H. NICHOLSON & SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF · JERRY SOHL
Screenplay by



Nick Adams, about to clobber Frankenstein in scene from "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER".

from anything you've done before.

ADAMS: The only thing different about the picture was the subject matter. I did "DIE MONSTER, DIE," because I wanted to do it. I liked the script when it was offered to me, and the part was a good one.

M.M.: How do you compare it with some of the epics you have been on, including TWILIGHT OF HONOR? . . . and what about working with Boris Karloff?

ADAMS: I could spend six hours of your time answering either one of those questions, I hope you know that, but I'll try to make it brief as possible. It was an honor for me to have my name on the same line with Karloff, whom I personally consider one of the greatest of our time. Big stars in big pictures come and go, epics are lost in the wastebaskets of time, but Karloff is as much a star now as he was forty years ago. In this business that's nothing short of great, believe me. Where ever you go, from Hollywood to the coal mines in Siberia, you mention the name Karloff, and they know exactly who you're talking about. Very few stars can boast of that. About this "epic" business. You know DIE MONSTER, DIE, wasn't a "cheapy" by a long shot. It was a film where, although money wasn't thrown around like water, it was used wisely and with quality of product in mind. People like horror films. I like 'em. I'm not ashamed to admit it. I've gotten a kick out of them since I was a kid. I'll tell you something else, last week our film opened in Los Angeles. The same week four "epic" pictures opened. Million Dollar deals, you know. Today's Variety lists what films did what at the box-office. Ours took in more money than any of the others. That should tell you something.

M.M.: It does. It's refreshing to hear you admit you enjoy this type of film, because for some reason so many people do not admit to that, even though they do. Do you feel that your acting was as important in this film as in some of your other roles.

ADAMS: That was a sneaky question, but I'm gonna' give you a direct answer. I get a kick out of acting. I don't care what the story is, as long as it has merit. I enjoy

I try to do the same job in a lower budget picture as in a so-



On arrival in Japan, Nick Adams and Director Honda discuss script of "FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER". Leading Man, Tadao Takashima and Leading Lady, Kumi Mizuno are in background.

called "epic". If an actor is good, he's gonna' be good in whatever he does. If he's not, fifty-million dollars isn't going to make him any better.

M.M.: Straight to the point is right. Nick, what are your plans for the future? Is there another horror movie in sight?

ADAMS: Glad you asked that. (a wide grin came to his face) I just got back from JAPAN. While I was there I had a chance to work with one of Japan's leading directors. The man's name is Honda. You know ever since that, what the heck was the name . . . that giant lizard . . . ?

M.M.: Godzilla?

ADAMS: Yeah, that's it. Ever since "GODZILLA", Japan has become very science fiction hip. Their miniature work is excellent

as you must know, and they've come up with a few winners. I did a film for him called, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER, or at least that was the working title. I had a lot of fun doing it, and I think it's going to come out quite good. They had just completed FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE DEVIL FISH WOMAN, which is a pretty wild title, and they sold me one-hundred percent on their efforts. On the picture I worked on, they had TADA0 TAKASHIMAY as the other leading man, and KUMI MIZUNO as the leading lady. She would be the American equivalent of say, LEE REMMICK. Both fine and talented people, and as usual Honda's directing was right in there.

M.M.: Well that about sums it up.

Nick it's been a pleasure. We'll all be looking for DIE MONSTER, DIE, and FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE OUTER SPACE MONSTER. Welcome to the club. **ADAMS:** Thank you.

DIE MONSTER, DIE was produced by Pat Green, was directed by Daniel Haller, and written for the screen by Jerry Sohl, from the story "COLOUR OUT OF SPACE" by H. P. Lovecraft. The film is in Color.

NEXT ISSUE: We will be talking to Edgar Ulmer, set designer for THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, CABINET OF CALIGARI, NOSFERATU, and THE GOLEM, director of THE BLACK CAT, and hundreds more. See you then.



AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES NUMBER ONE IN HORROR MOVIES

American International comes of age with pictures like "X—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES". Using top names, the like of RAY MILLAND helped boost the prestige of the company.

American International Pictures, now celebrating its 10th Anniversary, is the world's newest, largest, soundest, privately owned motion picture production and distribution company. No other Hollywood movie company can make that statement. No one disputes that statement. It is fact! A ten-year old infant company takes its place with the giants, and in answer to your requests, here is how it happened, and why it is what it is!

And if there is any success secret responsible for AIP's miraculous growth to such stature in a brief ten years, it is in the spiritual kinship of the company's founders James H. Nicholson and Samuel Z. Arkoff, who are both of that unique breed of men who "Always dispute the umpire's decision."

All of the indices of business and all of the precedents of motion picture history ruled against success for American International when it began in 1954 with \$3,000 capitalization, four employees and not a picture to its name.

But Nicholson and Arkoff, doggedly determined men who believe that successes are the result of great gambles, refused to bow to the decisions of the Hollywood umpires who were calling them "out" before they were in.

They knew that the principal reason businesses fail is that there was no reason for their existing in the first place; so American International roared into the arena of many attempts and few successes armed with a concept best described as the "revolution of intentions".



Thinking Crab prepares to attack in "ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS".



Lunar base in "ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE".

"We set out to fill a need, and we were determined to fulfill that need better than anyone else. In this age of specialization, our objective was to release selected products through selected distributors for specialized audiences," Nicholson recalls.

The company was called American Releasing Corporation originally, and its entire personnel consisted of Mr. Nicholson and his wife, Sylvia, who acted as his secretary. Mr. Arkoff and his secretary. Offices "coast to coast" were situated in a Hollywood store front and a one room office in New York.

The name was changed to American International Pictures two years later when it became apparent that a releasing company needs a controlled source of supply.

Ten years later, with its more than 150 releases having grossed more than 225 million dollars, American International is known among Hollywood phrase makers as "the Jolly Green Giant of the motion picture business".

The corporate complex has over 300 payroll employees from Hollywood to Hong Kong, from London to Lisbon, Berlin to Buenos Aires, Paris to Palm Beach. Thirty domestic exchanges and franchise holders are augmented by fifteen foreign distribution outlets.

The home office is located in a new company-owned structure in the heart of Hollywood, which until recently was the only new studio construction in the movie capital in more than a quarter of a century.

AIP's production schedule for 1966 entails the expenditure of 25 million dollars for 24 high quality productions as compared to an 11 million dollar expenditure for 13 features in 1962, the highest previous expenditure and production schedule in company history.

The film, *BEACH PARTY* was mythically awarded the financial



(ABOVE) A cartoonist's conception of the filming of *THE BLACK CAT* sequence from the trilogy *"TALES OF TERROR"*. (BELOW) Lon Chaney and Vincent Price compare notes behind the scenes of *"THE HAUNTED PALACE"*.





Lon Chaney looks on as Vincent Price tries to revive his wife in scene from "THE HAUNTED PALACE".



backers "Picture of the Year for 1963", mainly because it paid back its loan in record time. "We reached this plateau," say Nicholson and Arkoff, "not as the result of a one-man, or two-man, or even seven-man effort, but as the result of the efforts of many persons in many places who are dedicated, conscientious workers who believe in the future of the motion picture business."

Significantly, it is this belief in the bright future of the motion picture industry, in the beginning and through times when the

prophets of doom forecast the demise of filmmaking, that is at the heart of AIP's success.

Looking back, no more unpropitious time could have been chosen to start a film company than in 1954, for it was in the early 1950's that the introduction of millions of television sets into American homes began to have its most telling effect upon theatre attendance.

Newspaper and national magazines referred to the motion picture business in colorful rhetoric as an old man who had lived the

lush life, and was now on his last legs in the twilight of a ribald and pompous life. Marquee lights on thousands of theatres blinked out, and feature production slowed to a standstill. Moguls of the industry held a common finger on the panic button.

Surviving exhibitors from Tampa to Timbuctoo sent out an anguished cry for more product. But Hollywood ears, attuned to low boxoffice grosses which they interpreted as death rattles, ignored the outcry. Primarily, there was an unfulfilled need for low-



(ABOVE) Director, Roger Corman, goes over a scene with Vincent Price before shooting "HOUSE OF USHER". "USHER" was the first giant step taken by the company, and proved 100% successful.

Left, Scene from BLACK SABBATH.

PETER LORRE, VINCENT PRICE and RHUBARB the cat in AMERICAN INTERNATIONALS, "COMEDY OF TERRORS".

cost, exploitable, 70-minute features which the exhibitors could offer as a double bill, and there was need for enough of these to permit multiple weekly changes. American International stepped in to fill the void.

From the outset, the company specialized in films tailored especially for that acknowledged 80 per cent of American movie audiences in the 12 to 24 age group.

Provocative titles and titillating subjects were chosen; hard hitting advertising and exploitation campaigns were devised. Action and excitement were at the core of every project, and every project was topical and timely.

For instance, AIP's first feature length production was an exciting drama typifying the teenagers





All is not gore when top professionals take a break from hours of work. Boris Karloff, the late Peter Lorre, and Vincent Price find time to toast marshmallows during the filming of *THE RAVEN*.

way of life titled "THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS". Others in the same genre followed bearing such titles as "DRAGSTRIP HOLLOW", "DIARY OF A HIGH SCHOOL BRIDE", "RUNAWAY DAUGHTERS", and "TWIST ALL NIGHT".

Later, upon recalling the universal and timeless popularity of classic tales of horror such as Washington Irving's "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW", and A. Conan Doyle's "HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES", the astute Messrs. Nicholson and Arkoff added a series of productions design-

ed to appeal to the public fascination with ghosts and ghouls.

"THE HEADLESS GHOST", "THE UNDEAD", and "THE BEAST WITH A MILLION EYES", are some of these examples.

Now combining the successful elements of teen-interest and terror-interest productions, American International released a series of features bearing such titles as "THE GHOST OF DRAGSTRIP HOLLOW", "HOW TO MAKE A MONSTER", "I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF", and "I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN".

To the keen observer, the titles of AIP productions as the company grew and prospered will reveal an interesting insight into the progressive thinking of its heads.

When the cold war developed and America's young men became concerned about conscription, American International produced and released such features as "TANK BATTALION", "JET ATTACK", "PARATROOP COMMAND", and "SUBMARINE SEAHAWK". In a subtle way, the company was helping the national defense effort by setting forth the glamorous aspects of military life.

Again, when somewhere in the complex of human activity, the scientific accomplishments of the youngsters of one of America's political adversaries was heralded to the world, American International took up production of science fiction drama solidly based on the prophetically visionary works of men like Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, as well as upon modern space exploration.

"MASTER OF THE WORLD", "ANGRY RED PLANET", "PANIC IN THE YEAR ZERO", "TERROR FROM THE YEAR 5000", "ASSIGNMENT OUTER SPACE" and "X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES" fall into this category.

American International's soundness of direction, albeit with certain subtleties of intent, was increasingly evident; yet Nicholson and Arkoff were never to forget people go to the movies for entertainment and not for preachment. Mankind's love of pageantry and historical heroes, escapist entertainment in its purest form, led to AIP's decision to distribute action spectacles such as "SIGN OF THE GLADIATOR", "GOLIATH AND THE BARBARIANS", "SAMSON AND THE SLAVE QUEEN", and "GOLIATH AND THE SINS OF BABYLON".

Each move by the company was well planned and carefully executed. Profits were plowed back into the business religiously. New ideas were "brainstormed" regularly.

"We asked ourselves one day if we were on sound dramatic footing in producing the chill-thrill, horror and terror pictures", Nicholson states.

"Well, we found that each time our villain, be he maniac or monster, got his comeuppance after having tried to throw the heroine into a bottomless pit, he had actually enacted a modern version of the classic medieval morality play. Virtue had triumphed over evil. We had filmed 'Everyman' but in a form that is a new delineation of the eternal struggle by the Devil for possession of man's soul."

It was soon thereafter that American International began filming a series of productions developed from the classic works of Edgar Allan Poe. The first was, "THE HOUSE OF USHER", followed by "THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM", "PREMATURE BURIAL", "TALES OF TER-

ROR", "THE COMEDY OF TERRORS", and "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH". Several incidents of telling significance occurred at this interval in company history.

Previously looked upon by some filmmakers with unconcealed disdain solely as producers of low-budget, quickie, commercial films, and occasionally mud-splattered by ostrich like PTA's claiming that drag races and twist parties do not exist, American International now commanded respectful admiration.

Libraries set up Poe displays in cooperation with picture promotions. Parents, previously apprehensive, now encouraged children to see AIP pictures. The company product had acquired the much sought after American quality known as "snob appeal."

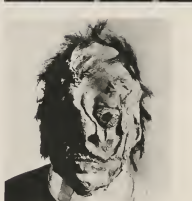
"X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES", won the Silver Globe Award as "best English-language science fiction picture" at the first International Film Festival in Trieste, Italy.

Starred in AIP pictures was such respected Hollywood names as, Vincent Price, the late Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, Basil Rathbone, Ray Milland, Debra Paget, Martha Hyer, Jack Palance, Connie Stevens, Barry Sullivan, Luciana Paluzzi, Buddy Hackett, Lon Chaney, Jr., Kennan Wynn, Robert Cummings and Academy Award winner Dorothy Malone.

The industry stood up and took notice; shook down the thermometer of status and found AIP rating high among the best of the major film producers both in quality of product and boxoffice results. That the young 10-year old had definitely come of age was a concerted opinion, however at this juncture, all of that was yesterday.

American International is entering a period in which its vistas are wider than ever. Quite recently, the company has organized a television arm to make and market feature films for television airing.

"We do not see television or even pay-TV as a death dealing competitor of the theatrical motion picture", Nicholson and Arkoff say. "And now that we are firmly entrenched in the business of making and distributing features for movie houses, we selected our 10th anniversary year as the time for entering this allied phase of entertainment."



Scenes from "I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN"

"We believe movies and television can live together and both grow and prosper. Providing entertainment is our business and we propose to do business wherever there is a demand for the kind of entertainment we are geared to provide", they conclude.

Obviously, the AIP pulse beats eternally for tomorrow.

The history of American International pictures is a colorful one. There have been many pictures of many different types. Do you think you know HOW many? Could YOU list the title of every American International Picture made to this date?

Here's a good time to check your "AIP Q". If you think you can, then try it! Send us YOUR list, of what you think the number to be. List titles of pictures. The person with the most correct titles will get a gift well worth working for.

Good Luck,
Editor



BULLETS, BLOOD, BLONDES, BUFFOONS BRAVERY, AND. . . . BOND!

In answer to the hundreds of letters and cards requesting us to do so, here then is MODERN MONSTERS' personal tour through the world of serial-like suspense yarns that have captured entire nations

No magazine that specializes in thrills, chills, and shock, could ever be complete without some mention of the JAMES BOND revolution, and that's what it is. Although seemingly miles away from horror, science fiction, and fantasy, in reality the BOND films actually include all these categories, and in many ways the tremendous success of these ventures have inspired producers to open the vaults of memory and release many old friends the like of "BATMAN", "CAPTAIN MARVEL", and "THE GREEN HORNET". In truth, and thanks to BOND, audiences are again enjoying films that have been greatly missed for many a year.

BOND is the kind of man young boys would like to be, and old men wish they had been. He is the "perfect" example of a 1965 "superman" who always manages to be one step ahead of his enemy. He fights for truth and justice, and although some of his methods might not be what one would consider orthodox, he nevertheless employs them, and wins. The BOND shadow has indeed covered the world.

The author, Ian Fleming, originally wrote the BOND adventures with an adult audience in mind. The producers followed through and expected the films to be better enjoyed by adults. Well, as in any case, you can't predict the public, or just who is going to like what. Case in point, there are some three thousand fan clubs in the United States alone, that have members from the age of nine to ninety. Colleges have, in their creative arts departments, formed

groups to study BONDMANIA. Their unanimous findings agree that people enjoy BOND films mainly because they remove them from any certain and real problems, and whisk them into a world of sheer exciting fantasy. An escape, if you wish, into unrealistic reality. BOND'S villains are always intelligent, wealthy madmen. All they usually want to do is rule the world. That may sound silly, and I grant you perhaps it is, but they are relatively "clean" villains. Again, we refer to villains like BATMAN'S "JOKER", "RIDDLER", and "PENGUIN". All these gentlemen had some wild scheme to destroy or conquer humanity. None of them were dope-

(right) Sean Connery and Ursula Andress in "DR. NO".



addicts, sexual deviates, or against any particular race or religion. If you think about it, neither was "DOCTOR NO", "GOLDFINGER", or the one-eyed villain of "THUNDERBALL". Sure they desired power, and destroyed quite a bit to get it. Well, "THE JOKER" wasn't really playing games either. Science fiction lovers have been quick to see and admire some of "DOCTOR NO'S" wild machines, and "GOLDFINGER'S" death ray. Certainly "MING-THE MERCILESS" would have given his left arm to have had them on his side against FLASH GORDON. Speaking of our beloved MING, here was a chap who wasn't even satisfied with the world, but wanted the Universe. How's that for a goal?

Human beings desperately need a "Hero" to admire, follow and believe in. BOND is just such a

hero. A sort of live "FEARLESS FOSDIK". SEAN CONNERY, the actor and the man's man who has so vividly portrayed the late Fleming's character, has, in a few short years, become one of the nations top stars. Albert Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, the films' producers guard Connery as closely as the FBI guards the President, and for an obvious reason. Relatively unknown before BOND, CONNERY has become BOND. He is the principal ingredient. It is safe to say there isn't a living soul to take his place. Possessing the charms of both Cary Grant and Charles Boyer, the toughness of Bogart and Cagney, the fire of Fairbanks and Flynn, and the tongue and cheek of a Jack Lemmon, Connery is an irreplaceable one-of-a-kind.

A tip of the Editor's hat to Mr. Ian Fleming, Messrs. Broccoli and Saltzman, and to Mr. Sean Connery. Thank you for putting that certain "magic" back into movies. Long live JAMES BOND!



(right) Scene from "GOLDFINGER"



(below) "FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE"



BATMAN

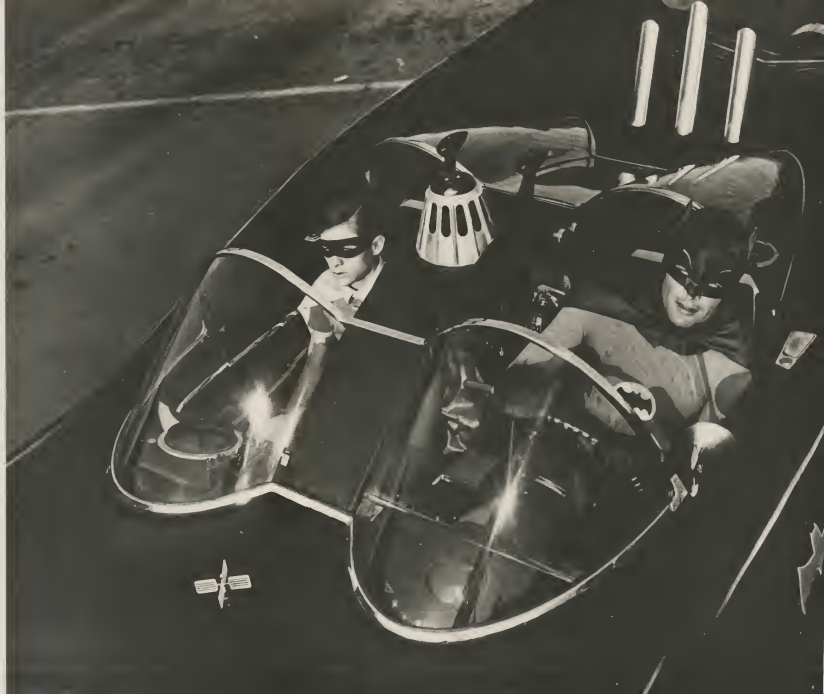


The unbelievable, and almost unreal show-stopper of the season has swept the country, swept the world like a big wind. Not since the Beatles has such a thing hit the world of entertainment, or the world of the normal individual for that matter. From the halls of memory, a star is reborn in all its glory . . .

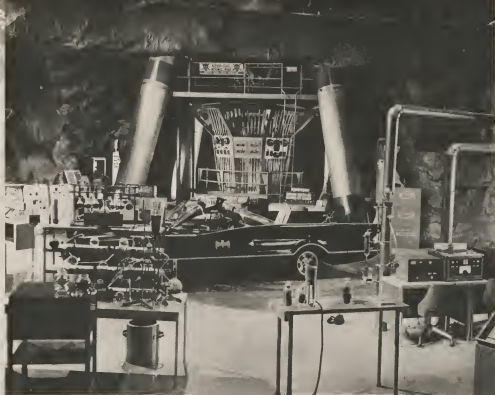
"A bat, that's it, a bat. I'll use the guise of a bat, a creature of the night and in that guise, I shall protect the lives of innocent people and bring criminals to justice." Corny? You bet it is, but successful! BATMAN has returned to become the most talked about show of this and many seasons. The producers of the show have created an "in" character, who is SO corny, and SO melodramatic, that he's actually "cool." The lines in the script read like "Mother Goose" "I don't know who he is behind that mask, but I do know we need him, and we need him now", or even "Com'on Boy Wonder, we've got a job to do".

A living comic book, with even the "fight" noises written in flashy colors right in the middle of a scene. Such familiar comic book terms as "BAM", "POW",

Adam West and Burt Ward the heroic BATMAN and ROBIN in pursuit of criminals, in 20th Century Fox 1966 T.V. Series.



ACCESS
TO
BATCAVE
DICK VIA BRUCE
BATPOLES



"BIFF", "ZZZHAT", and the ever popular, "CRASH" enter each fight scene, as though they belonged there. Famous screen personalities become infamous BATMAN person'oddities. International players are cast in villainous roles. Caesar Romero, Burgess Merideth, George Sanders, Anne Baxter, Bette Davis, and even Orson Welles remove years of serious dramatic acting to take part in an international "spood".

For some unknown reason, even in the early BATMAN serials, top performers were involved. The best immediate example is J. Carol Naish in the BATMAN of two decades ago. Lewis Wilson then

headed the cast. At that time, however, BATMAN was played straight. There were no "Tongue and Cheek" remarks, no attempt at "corn" for "corn's" sake. The BATMAN serials were popular, and still are to many fans, but it was not until the BATMAN 1966 style came into being, that BATMAN became a household word. Comments on this new version have ranged from the highest praise, to the lowest scorn. There are extreme mixed feelings about the show, either they "love" it or they "hate" it.

I personally have talked to many different individuals in this area trying to establish some sort of gauge, and I've come up with the wildest confusing conclusion, both sides are right, and both sides are wrong. I have summarized the many remarks I have heard, good and bad, and in a debating situation, here's what they would sound like. Mister X, we'll say is

(LEFT) BATMAN and ROBIN without disguises, prepare to descend into the batcave. (ABOVE) Inside of the Batcave, the Batmobile sits in readiness in front of Power-house nuclear reactor . . . (RIGHT) ROBIN receives instructions from BATMAN.





(left) Robert Lowery as Batman, John Duncan as Robin in "Adventures of Batman And Robin" in earlier movies.

in favor of the show, and Mister Y isn't.

MISTER X — (based on actual statements) You can't look at it like you would any other show, because it's NOT any other show. It's a "spook" and a good one. The acting is as "broadly hammy" as the scripts, and it's not by mistake. I think it removes you from your problems, and if that's all it does it's worth it. You can't compare it to the old serials, because they are both done with different motivations. They were done in the 40's and 50's, this is a new

"hip" age, and BATMAN is a "hip" show. MISTER Y — (based on actual statements) It's a complete waste of time. Remove you from your problems? Believe me, if the public begins to enjoy things like this, it's really got a problem. It insults your intelligence.

I loved the old serials. They were great, but this — this is a nightmare of kindergarten foolishness. I have a sense of humor, but the things I enjoyed as a boy meant something to me. I don't like to see them destroyed in front of my eyes. It appears to me as though the guys who created this monster, realized they had a stinker on their hands, and they deliberately made it bad. Then they brainwashed the public into thinking it was an "in" show.

Mixed emotions? Yes. But who is right? Is BATMAN going to last

for a while, or for all time? Will this "in" type of show catch on and spread to other shows? I wish I could say "Tune in next week and find out, but I can't because I don't know. BATMAN in its success might open the door to an endless amount of classic memories, but BATMAN, in its failure, might close forever a type of motion picture we all hold dear. Only YOU will determine the answer.

SEE PAGE 79

ABOUT BATMAN.

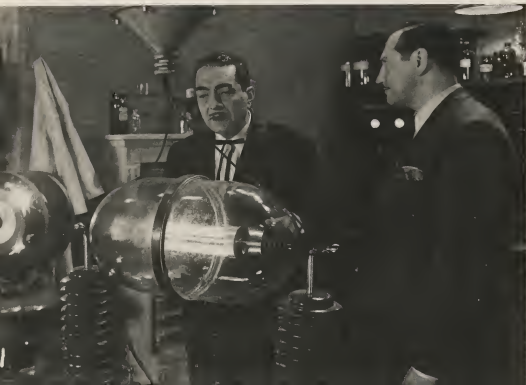
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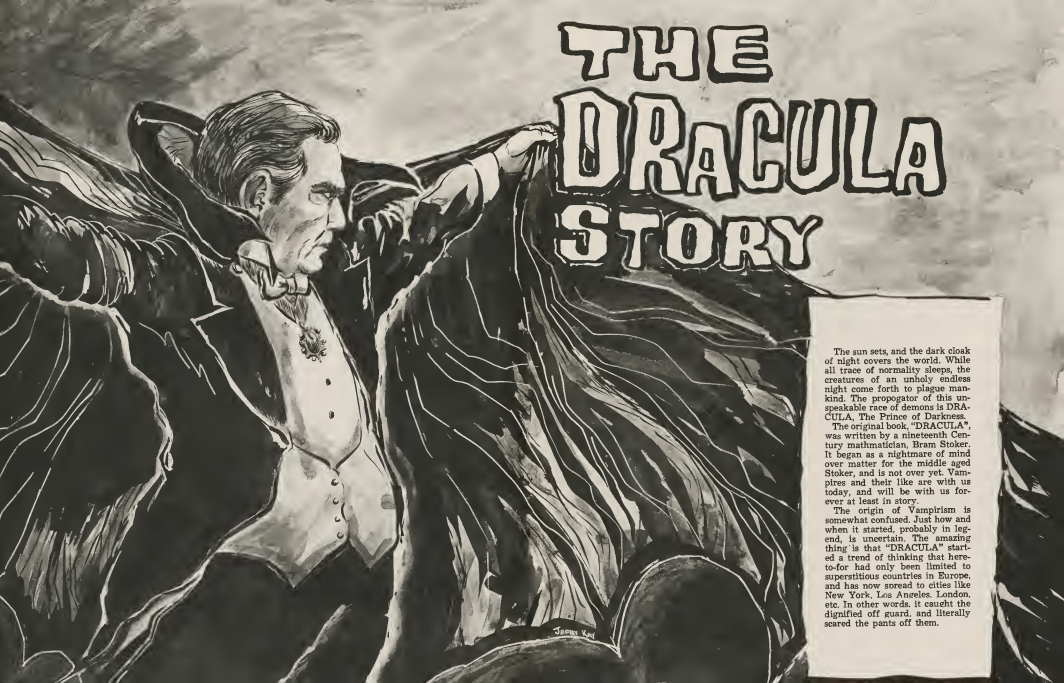


(left) Lyle Talbot as "The Wizard" in the "New Adventures of Batman And Robin".

(below) J. Carrol Naish as "Doctor Dicoosca" in Batman.

(right) Robert Lowery-(Batman)





THE DRACULA STORY

The sun sets, and the dark cloak of night covers the world. While all trace of normality sleeps, the creatures of an unholy endless night come forth to plague mankind. The propagator of this unspeakable race of demons is DRACULA, The Prince of Darkness.

The original book, "DRACULA", was written by a nineteenth Century mathematician, Bram Stoker. It began as a nightmare of mind over matter for the middle aged Stoker, and is not over yet. Vampires and their like are with us today, and will be with us forever at least in story.

The origin of Vampirism is somewhat confused. Just how and when it started, probably in legend, is uncertain. The amazing thing is that "DRACULA" started a trend of thinking that heretofore had only been limited to superstitious countries in Europe, and has now spread to cities like New York, Los Angeles, London, etc. In other words, it caught the dignified off guard, and literally scared the pants off them.



In 1931, the year of the original "DRACULA", many so-called brave and fearless individuals had serious doubts about venturing forth after sunset. Created by Stoker, and brought to blood-chilling life, on the screen, by the late great Bela Lugosi, "DRACULA" electrified the world.

Bela Lugosi, in reminiscing over his fame once summed it up in these words: "Some one suggested an actor of the Continental type who could play any type, and mentioned me. It was a complete change from the usual romantic roles I had been playing, but it was a success . . . such a success".

It was a success, and as a result of a superb dramatic portrayal by a sensitive actor, with a far away look in his eyes, DRACULA will live forever.

The first screen attempt of Stoker's novel took place in Germany in 1922, and was titled "NOSFERATU". This film had within its framework, many scenes of pure horror including the make-up of the lead player, however, that character lacked the sinister charm and near-warmth Lugosi gave to the role. The image in "NOSFERATU" is completely different than the one cast by Lugosi. Indeed, Lugosi, the actor, and Lugosi, the man were almost one and the same. A soft spoken aristocrat in life, he brought this inborn trait to the screen and used it to advantage. This by no means is a reference to the Vampire role, but rather the almost Royal atmosphere that surrounded the man.

A superstitious man in life, Lugosi had a fear of cats, and believed very seriously in the powers of the unknown, the supernatural. His sense of humor left him when anyone began poking fun at Horror, fantasy, and/or ghost stories. To him they were serious business, as were his films.

Bela Lugosi as the Vampire, Miles Mander as the Wolfman, and Nina Foch as the heroine in scene from "THE RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE".



Vampire instinct takes hold as Bela Lugosi sees blood of Dwight Frye in original 1931 film "DRACULA".



Lon Chaney as DRACULA in "SON OF DRACULA".

He was almost driven to a premature grave during the 1948 filming of "ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN", in which, he again played "DRACULA", due to Lou Costello's constant antics off and on the screen. Where his fellow players, Lon Chaney, Glenn Strange and Lenore Aubert in that film, would cut up, Lugosi could not force himself to join them. There must be something to it, because his portrayal in that picture was one of the better roles.

Lugosi was a "ham", a master of the slow take. He was one of

the few to ever get away with long drawn out words. Yet with Bela Lugosi, came a magical charm that NO other actor of his time has mastered. It is, therefore, safe to assume that no account of "DRACULA" could be complete, without at least touching on the man who lived the part for 30 years. So much had the part and the man become one, that his last request was to be buried in the cape that he wore almost half his life. His very death became a silent monument to a man who had dedicated his life to his art.

The original, or best remembered "DRACULA", produced by

Universal Pictures in 1931, directed by Tod Browning, and starring Bela Lugosi in the title role, well assisted by Dwight Frye, Edward Van Sloan, and Helen Chandler was only the beginning. Where the earlier, "NOSFERATU" was already lost in the shuffle, this one would go on to even greater glory. The following year, we saw the birth of a new character, "DRACULA'S DAUGHTER", in the person of Gloria Holden. This story picked up where the original left off, and told of an unholy offspring left by the Count, who was bent on seeking revenge against those who finally destroy-

ed her father. "SON OF DRACULA", was next to take the spotlight, in the person of Lon Chaney Jr., in the film of the same name. The script was good, and the idea was good. Chaney's performance was a fine one, but something was lacking. That undefinable substance, that suggestion of impending doom was missing from Chaney's portrayal.

1944 was the next time the character, "DRACULA", would again run rampant in the "THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN". Veteran actor, JOHN CARRADINE, this time was chosen to play the role. Lugosi was being left out for two reasons; one, contractual agreements with other studios (Monogram, Columbia and Independants), and constant illness, due to an old back injury. When Carradine inherited the role, we saw still another interpretation. This deep-voiced Shakespearean actor had much to give to the part, and did the best he could for what short time was allowed him. The sequel in 1945, to "HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN", was "HOUSE OF DRACULA", and again Carradine, always a top performer added another character to his list of credits. A little further on down the road, Columbia Pictures produced a film titled, "RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE", in which Lugosi played the lead. This was a very interesting picture for more reasons than one. Firstly, it was obvious that Lugosi was playing "DRACULA", yet never once was the name mentioned, obviously because of copyright reasons. It's only another example of how confused the motion picture business sometimes gets. Lugosi, who originated the part of DRACULA, was now playing "DRACULA" for another studio under an assumed name, and the part of "DRACULA" was being played by almost every other member of the Universal alumni, yet even "unnamed", Lugosi STILL gave the best performance. I'll give you a minute to figure that out.

In 1948, the original characters finally got squared away in "ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN", and once again, for Universal Pictures, Bela Lugosi played the part that truly belonged to him. As the producers had hoped, and the public has expected, Lugosi's part in the picture, helped make it the theatrical success it became.





(ABOVE) Dracula, vampire, is about to puncture Lucy's neck with his pointed teeth prior to drawing the blood from her body. Carlos Villar and Carmen Guerrero in Universal's Spanish version of "DRACULA". (RIGHT) Francis Lederer is about to emerge from coffin in "THE RETURN OF DRACULA".

Universal also made a Spanish version of DRACULA, starring Carlos Villar, and Carmen Guerrero somewhere along the line. It is unfair to list Francis Lederer's "RETURN OF DRACULA", in with those of the classic school, since this was a "modern" attempt at a period story. It was difficult to imagine "DRACULA" in ordinary street clothes, and much of the mystery in "RETURN OF DRACULA", was lost because of this one fact alone. Then came the barrage of "low budget" Dracula epics the like of "DAUGHTER OF DRACULA" (not to be confused with "DRACULA'S DAUGHTER"), "BLOOD OF DRACULA", "CASTLE OF THE

MONSTERS", etc., etc. It was not until 1959 that Dracula re-opened his eyes in the guise of Christopher Lee in Hammer Films' "HORROR OF DRACULA". Here was the supreme example of a top notch motion picture thriller. Filmed in magnificent, blood-chilling color, "HORROR OF DRACULA", proved conclusively that even in the "jet age" "DRACULA" could still terrify audiences. The Lugosi 1931 "DRACULA" was mild in comparison to this little "goody". Blood splashed all over the screen, and where in previous pictures of this type, you guessed what must have happened, in this one YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED. It is not fair

to compare the original with this, because both has merits of their own. A few facts that had lightly been touched upon in the original probably because of 1931 censorship, were brought out in full focus in the Hammer Version.

Little tidbits like, the Vampire's victim enjoying the feeling of meeting the evil Count each night, and slowly dying as a result, the better-than-average intelligence that the un-dead being possessed, and the fact that his wives too were kept alive by drinking human blood. A few changes in the script confused most everyone, and spoiled it just a bit, unless you did what I did, and made believe you didn't hear them. Theories that

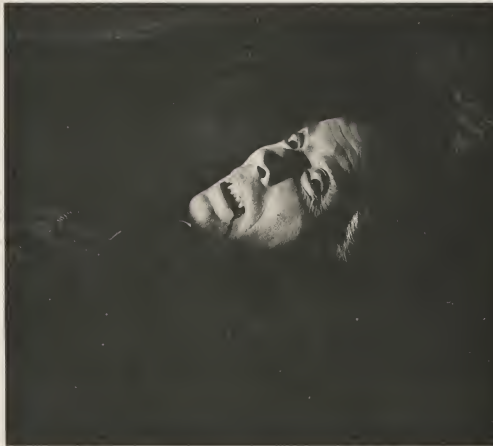


DRACULA could change himself into a bat or a wolf, were disproved. Why they did that, I'll never know, because in doing so, they seemed to be trying to take the "super-natural" side of his character away from him. The two principal actors in this epic, and it really was one, were Peter Cushing, who replaced Edward Van Sloan in the role of Dr. Van Helsing, and Christopher Lee, the one who gave the part of "DRACULA" an added lift. Such top international performers like Michael Gough, and Carole Marsh, didn't

hurt it any either. With a cast like that, it isn't hard to imagine why "HORROR OF DRACULA" was a huge success.

Four years later came Hammer's first sequel to "HORROR OF", called "BRIDES OF DRACULA", and again starred Peter Cushing. Christopher Lee was not needed in this production, since "DRACULA" wasn't in it. David Peel played a "follower of DRACULA", a "cultist" if you prefer, who had become obsessed with "DRACULA'S" theories. The same camera, color, and script technique

was used in "BRIDES", but they fell a bit short of the mark. It was similar to an audience expecting to see Bela Lugosi, and instead seeing Jean Pierre Aumont. It isn't that Jean Pierre wasn't a good actor, because he was, as was David Peel, but it just wasn't Lugosi, as Peel just wasn't Lee. "BRIDES OF DRACULA", was a shocker. There's no two ways about that. But it wasn't a "DRACULA" shocker. Only another "RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE", with "DRACULA hints" throughout.



Christopher Lee, (above and to the right) in scenes from "HORROR OF DRACULA".





Peter Cushing and David Peel in "BRIDES OF DRACULA" (1960 Universal).

Where do we go from here? Do we turn to pictures like "KISS OF THE VAMPIRE", again exploiting just vampires minus the kung? Do we go to "BLOOD AND ROSES", where even newer vampire theories are exploited, thereby ridding our mind of the "tried and true"? Do we blast off into space to a "PLANET OF THE VAMPIRES", removing the threat from beyond the grave, to beyond limitless space? Or . . . that big "OR" . . . do we turn the clock back to the days of Bela Lugosi, when men were men, and vam-

pires were vampires, but "DRACULA" was only "DRACULA"! I personally retreat back into memory, back when it didn't make "that" much sense. When all the supernatural things that happened did not have to have a logical reason. When the terror from beyond the grave could not be explained away in four sentences. When that special, superhuman, supernatural, Prince of Darkness, hiding his many hidden horrors beneath it. When it could be raised to become wings, the wings of an evil night creature flying about

the countryside in search for a new victim. When a line ". . . There are far more things to fear in life . . . than death, Mister Harker" meant just what it was supposed to mean. An age of symbolism rather than reality. When each sentence only drove you into deeper mystery, and you shrieked at . . . "The blood is the life, Mister Renfield".

It shall continue being the life as long as DRACULA goes on . . . and DRACULA will go on forever . . .

(next issue — THE MUMMY STORY)

The chill of the tomb won't leave
your blood for hours...after you
come face-to-face with

DRACULA!

WHO WILL BE
HIS BRIDE
TONIGHT?

ALL NEW!

HAMMER FILM PRODUCTIONS, LTD. PRESENTS

HORROR OF DRACULA

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

in Brilliant **TECHNICOLOR!**

starring

PETER CUSHING • also starring **MICHAEL GOUGH** and **MELISSA STRIBLING** with **CHRISTOPHER LEE** as **DRACULA**

* Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER - From the novel by BRAM STOKER - Directed by TERENCE FISHER - Executive Producer MICHAEL CARRERAS - Associate producer ANTHONY NELSON-KEYS - Produced by ANTHONY HINDS



Our thanks for the above art work, by a MODERN MONSTERS fan, Edward Naha of 47 West Price Street, Linden, N.J. — (Ed is interested in having some guy or gal, about sixteen, for a pen pal, preferably from California.

"MEMORIES OF TOMORROW"

The marvels of the motion picture, never ending, never underestimated, always new, no matter what day, week, month, year or decade, have been a constant source of unbelievable entertainment for the masses. Tops in this realm of impossible possibility is Science Fiction, called so only because it hasn't been proven yet. At least not at the writing of this article. We do not mean to imply that we can, in any amount of words, give you the story of Science-Fiction. We will, however, in a series of FIVE articles, try to browse through some of the highlights of a subject we strongly believe is still only in its infancy.

PART ONE:

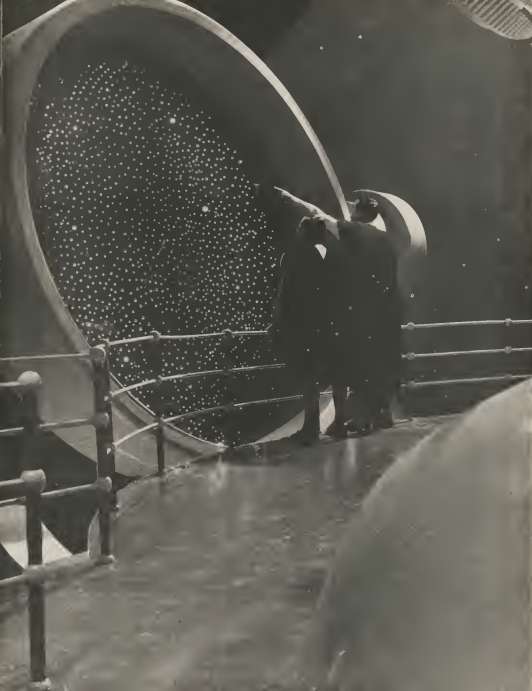
Where do the giant insects, space-ships, re-born prehistoric monsters, and atom-age creatures come from? The minds of such writers as Jules Verne, H. G. Wells, or maybe Ray Bradbury, or Rod Serling? Are these thoughts only theirs by imagination, or are they planted there by some force that screams to them to show us the writing on the wall. If that sounds like so much bunk, think about Jules Verne's "TWENTY-THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA", and a wild idea about an atomic sub that could cruise under the waves for months, and then call the Navy Department. For those of you who may not read the newspapers, THE NAUTILUS not only now exists, but she already has many sister subs. Also, if you start to chuckle about films like "THE BEAST FROM TWENTY-THOUSAND FATHOMS", stop long enough to read up on that two-million year old fish, just recently found swimming around in the Amazon river, very much alive.

In time, space, and matter, there is no distance. In an endless space there is no explanation. In a measure of time, there is no absolute proof, and in matter, everything is broken down to the finest most minute forms, and even

Left — "Metropolis"

Right — The Time Travelers





Left — Flash Gordon

Above — Scene from "Things To Come"



in these forms there is no real clue to anything touchable or untouchable. In Einstein's formula for relativity, figured out by the late great mathematical genius, all of these unknown forces were explained in mathematical terms. Unfortunately or fortunately, as you prefer, the common man can not transcribe these formulas to make sense to him. Perhaps, at least at this stage of the game, it's better that way.

Enter Hollywood! Now the writing of the great minds in science, or science-fiction can be brought to the eye of the public, Mr. and Mrs. Average.

It begins in attempts at pure fantasy. Comic books coming to life, the like of FLASH GORDON. Earlier attempts such as the mighty epic METROPOLIS fall to astonished eyes, and the main theme of the picture is lost in the com-

mercial shock it causes. Other early attempts at science-fiction include a short filmed on JULES VERNE'S "TRIP TO THE MOON". Where the great director FRITZ LANG made several points in METROPOLIS, the equally brilliant producer GEORGE MELIES proved nothing in "TRIP TO THE MOON". Such would be the case of most science fiction flicks and their competition. Some would say something, some nothing!

A PICTURE THAT SAID SOMETHING:
"THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME" written by H. G. Wells, and starring Raymond Massey, Sir Cedric Hardwick and Ralph Richardson (Now Sir Ralph Richardson) was ONE film that had so much to say, it was a shame it was confined to its one-hundred and ten minutes.

Produced on a mighty scale in the late 30's, "THINGS TO COME" tells of things that may yet happen, and the way things are going, in the not too distant future! The world is first destroyed by war! Than after the war, comes a disease that all but takes the remaining mem-



bers of "mankind". Men are reduced to living in caves, and the "rubble" of what was once proud homes. The self appointed leader, or "Boss" rules the people with his gun! He rules by force, and claims that with the mighty sword, they shall overthrow all their enemies. The poor people, not even knowing who their enemies would be, follow him almost blindly, since the world they once knew had been run by just such men. Unfortunately he is as wrong as the men who originally caused the war, and one day, from the skies comes still another

Scene from "Mars Attacks The World" — Flash Gordon —

leader. He arrives in a helicopter, and promises a better world just over the hill. The "Boss" seeing him as an enemy has him locked up, and soon his fears are realized. The strangers army descends on the people, and from the most ultra-

modern air ships, they drop "PEACE BOMBS", a gas that merely puts people to sleep. When the people awaken the new rule has taken over, and only The BOSS is dead, strangled in his own desires and warped thinking. Huge cities are then erected, and covered completely in glass to keep the harmful radioactive air from harming the inhabitants. All is at peace but even in this ideal world, there is one man who seeks power, regardless of the consequence. It seems that there would be such a man, no matter what the world would be. Those of you who may be under the assumption that you know all there is to know, should see "THINGS TO COME". You might learn something!

As great a teaching science-fiction film as **THINGS TO COME** was, so much was a film for pure enjoyment **FLASH GORDON**. Here was a film, and later a series of films starring Buster Crabbe as the comic book hero, that said nothing, proved nothing, but gave you hours of enjoyment. A lighter film. There wasn't one single realistic part to **FLASH GORDON**, and there wasn't supposed to be. You knew that **FLASH**, **DR. ZARKOV**, **DALE** and the group were going to face untold hardships, but you knew they were going to win, even against **MING**, **THE MERCILESS**. There would be Space Creatures, ray guns, odd inventions, and death at every turn for the daring **FLASH**, but you knew that no amount of men or monsters could stop this boy. The one chuckle, you couldn't help but being take by, was in the feature length versions made from the original serials. For instance, the original serial was titled "**FLASH GORDON**" and from that they made the feature "**ROCKET SHIP**". Now, where the serial had 12 episodes to get **FLASH** in and out of trouble, the feature had only 70 minutes to squeeze it in. Naturally, they (**THEY** being Universal) dropped the repeating of scenes, and the cliffhangers, but when you put it all together poor **FLASH** was in trouble every 2 minutes of film. **DR. ZARKOV** was saying every 3 or 4 minutes, "What can we do, **Flash**?", and **FLASH** was answering "I don't know, but we've got to do something!" Further the features would bring in characters like **THE LION MEN**, and **THE HAWK MEN** without sufficient introduction, again because of time. So many times you found yourself watching some one strange, who, by the lines of the script, obviously belonged there, yet you weren't sure just when he got there. Because it was **FLASH GORDON**, no one seemed to mind just when you entered or when you left. It was fun.

Speaking of serials, there was also a science fiction serial that probably has the one distinction of being taken out of more theatres after the third episode because of parents objecting to their children having nightmares. **LOST**



Scene from "The Lost City"

CITY, was a science fiction thriller on such a terrifying level that even adults had nightmares over it. Starring William (Stage) Boyd, this little epic had more sheer horror in it per foot, than any ten **FRANKENSTEIN** pictures combined. Our hero, in this case, was a mad scientist who operated in the jungle, and experimented with changing normal size natives into giant 8 foot zombies! The electrical devices would frighten even the Edison Company today, and the creatures that our man in the jungle turned out, would scare the pants off **KONG** himself! Needless to say, **LOST CITY** was about twenty-years too early. Today we might be ready for it, but not in the 40's! In many of the early serials, there were devices that would fit into what we now know as **SCIENCE FICTION**. **BUCK ROGERS** (also starring **BUSTER CRABBE**), **BATMAN**, **CAPT. AMERICA**, **RADIO RANCH** (Gene Autry's first picture), the original serial title being **THE PHANTOM EMPIRE**, **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND**, and dozens more, not to mention **SUPERMAN** (Kirk Alyn vintage). All of these early experiments gave birth to some of the epics we view today with such enthusiasm. As we continue you will see the marked similarity staring you in the face.

NEXT ISSUE: PART TWO- THE GREAT SERIALS!

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

The moment of truth has arrived. Within the frame of thirty some odd years, there have been countless hundreds of horror science fiction and fantasy films made that have deserved the highest praise. It therefore becomes very difficult to pick ONE from such a collection, but I have. As a matter of fact, I had long ago. To me, and I must make that clear, **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** is COMPLETE! The proper combination of shock, compassion, drama and moral is not an easy thing to find. This film, in particular, gives me all those necessary elements. Many of you will disagree, and that is to be expected. Don't read this account of **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, with criticism in mind of my choice, but rather, let me share with you, a picture that, in my mind, represents the ultimate in an era.

A troubled Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive), listens to the ravings of Prof. Pretorius (Ernest Thesiger), the evil little man, who remains the symbol of the Devil throughout.



Starring: Boris Karloff
Colin Clive
Valerie Hobson
Elsa Lanchester
Ernest Thesiger
Una O'Connor
Dwight Frye

An "ageless" classic lives again as MODERN MONSTERS proudly presents the perfect example of motion picture workmanship.

The Gothic arches of the bedroom's ceiling soared, up and upward into the blacker shadows of the night. Across the counterpane the moonlight lay dappled, laticed by the mullioned windows, and the breeze that came through the windows was scented with the Spring night.

But to the man who lay on the bed, tossing in delirium, the moonlight and the tall flames of the candles in their sconces blended into one nightmare of fire — one flaming inferno through which the pale face of the monster leered and flickered and reappeared again. In his dream the flames twisted and soared, climbing and climbing and once again he saw the great timber above falling to crush him. He woke moaning . . .

Elizabeth's fingers were cool and slim in his hot hand, and Elizabeth's face bent over him . . . A dream then. All a dream. Elizabeth was not dead. He lived too . . . But the monster . . .

The Monster was gone, of course, destroyed in the red flames of the old mill. Remembering, now, he half regretted the monster's end. For he, Henry Frankenstein, had built life out of stuff of the dead, built life only to see it destroyed again. Even Dr. Pretorius had not made life. Only he, Henry Frankenstein, and God . . .

Yet he shuddered again, remembering Elizabeth in the Monster's hands. He and God could make life. But only God could make it do His will. "Who knows?" he murmured, as Elizabeth bent closer straining to catch his words, "It may be that I am intended to know the secret of Life — it may be part of the divine plan —"

Elizabeth shivered, and her fingers trembled in his own. "No, no — it is the Devil that prompts

you", she whispered passionately. "It is Death and not Life that is in it all — the end of it all . . . Henry, I beg of you. When you are well, let us go away — let us forget this madness . . ."

She was right, of course, thought Henry Frankenstein. Yet — to build life, only to see it destroyed — To create a Monster, only to have that Monster taken away again . . . Was there a chance? He remembered, suddenly the rotting floor boards, the stagnant pool in the cellar of the old mill. There was a chance. He hugged it, a gleeful, unholy thought, to his bosom. Perhaps, safe under the flames, his Monster had survived . . . even if Elizabeth was right — even if it was the Devil himself who prompted him.

"There's a gentleman to see you, sir, a very queer looking gentleman," said old Minnie, at the door. "Tonight he must see you, and alone," he says.

If the Devil prompted him — Henry Frankenstein shivered in the warm Spring night, and a vague foreboding filled him.

"Show him in," he said.
"Good evening, Herr Baron," said the little man who stood cracking his bony joints in the doorway. "I trust you will pardon my intrusion at an hour so late. I should not have ventured to come had I not a communication to make which, I suspect, may be of the utmost importance—"

Little Doctor Pretorius. Only Doctor Pretorius. Henry laughed with relief at the recognition. Yet — perhaps it was his illness — there was something uncomfortably eerie about the little man—

"Professor Septimus Pretorius from the University," he introduced him to Elizabeth. Pretorius. Somehow is seemed a desecration, that he should be here, in the same room with Elizabeth. Henry saw Elizabeth draw away with a shudder . . .

"My business with you, Baron, is private," Pretorius said. When Elizabeth had gone, the room was silent, windless. The candle-flames stood tall and unmoving and on the hearth, the fire glowed, but there was no sound. Pretorius broke the silence.

"The interesting result of your experiment, Herr Baron, is, so I understand, believed to have been

destroyed in a fire which consumed the old mill," he began in his dry, evil, small, old voice. Henry caught his breath, half hoping, half afraid.

"So I believe, and so I trust", he said soberly.

Pretorius said nothing, but his smile was shy and secret.

"Have you any reason to think otherwise?" Henry questioned, sharply.

"Those who experiment in the creation of living organisms have been accused of impiety, even blasphemy," the old man said in answer, and rubbed his hands together, and chuckled.

Henry shuddered at the sight. "It is the devil who prompts you," Elizabeth had said.

"One may create," said the old man, "something which is, shall I say, immortal? Practically indestructible?"

The Monster! The Monster was living still, then! Henry clapped his hand over his mouth to stifle a scream, never questioning that Pretorius knew . . . the evil Monster with Elizabeth in his hands

. . . "What do you really know?" he demanded.

"Your crime has been traced back to me," said Pretorius, "Your crime against science . . ."

"Against God," murmured Henry.

"No, no," Pretorius countered hastily. "As a result I am knocking at your door — an outcast, my ambition ruined . . . We must work together . . ."

The candle's nimbus shone like the halo of the Virgin in the Cathedral, or like the sunlight on Elizabeth's hair. Henry Frankenstein turned his face toward it, resolutely, prayerfully, away from the old man.

"I want no more of Hell's spawn, Pretorius", he said.

"There are penalties to pay for killing people. Your creature is still loose in the countryside," Pretorius said, "Therefore I had hoped that you and I — no longer as master and student, but as fellow scientists might probe into the mysteries of Life and Death—"

Speechless, terrible, unschooled in feeling, the Monster left a wide and dreadful trail through the countryside. His hair burned in patches by the mill's fire and matted to his head with the underground pools green slime, his



FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER, . . . the missing link between Heaven and Hell. A pitiful creature, alone in a world filled with hate and fear. The **MONSTER** (Boris Karloff) destroys everything in his path as he wanders in search of a friend.

ape-like arms, his blank uncomprehending eyes, alone were enough to strike terror into everyone who saw him. But the bloody ruin he left behind him was a fearful belief.

For he had learned only to obey Frankenstein's orders; and Frankenstein had taught him to use those great hands, but not to use them kindly or wisely. Kindness might have been taught him, like speech; but humanity and speech were things he had never learned

He stumbled along the sunlit highway, his brow, under its burnt patch of hair, bleeding from a cut above his eyebrows, his great feet beating up little whirls of dust that eddied away behind him. Ahead was the white flutter of a dozen little girls in their communion robes — a dozen little

girls who screamed and scattered as they strode toward him. Things that screamed and scattered were to be caught, and torn in his hands. Frankenstein had taught him that. The youngest and smallest, her veil a tatter of crimson ribbons, lay on the grass by the roadside, and the Monster strode on. If you were hungry, you ate. Frankenstein had taught him that too. And there was food in kitchens, bread and meat and sometimes wine. The woman who barred her cottage door to him fell screaming under the blow of her own axe, and the Monster's boots left a giant bloodstained trail across her sanded floor. As he turned off the highway and entered the forest a huntsman fell strangled; and deeper in the forest, the little brook ran red where an old man lay beside it

Frankenstein had only taught him about the towns. The forest was strange. His giant stride carried him rapidly deeper and deeper away from the highroad; carried him over the soft carpet of pine needles and into the green sun-dappled shadows of the oaks. It was cool in the forest, and strange and beautiful. And very still. Here no dogs bayed at him, and no one shot . . . In the shadows where the white balls of mushrooms, and a little stream sparkled and sang across a clearing, and above he heard the small, sweet voices of the birds. Sunset glowed somewhere beyond the green leaves, and gave way to twilight; and the forest's shadows were heavy now. He was tired and hungry. He stopped a moment to bathe his face in the stream; and pulled a handful of wild carrots

from the ground to devour them.

Then, far ahead he saw the warm glow of a window pane lighted against the evening. He had learned about cottages from Frankenstein. There was food in cottages . . . He quickened his stride. The little man who sat over his bowl of porridge by the fireside, and his beard was white; and in his face there was a look the Monster had never seen before. The Monster stood in the doorway for awhile in silence staring at the old man. The old man put his bowl away, fumbled a moment on the mantel, lifted down a violin. Still hypnotized by the hermit's strange look, the creature at the window stared; until high and sweet and clear, such a lovely sound as the Monster never heard lifted to the stars. He stood entranced; then moved, slowly step by step, toward the doorway.

"You are welcome, my friend," said the hermit, "who ever you are." There was something queer about his eyes, the Monster apprehended dimly. Something that could look, and not be afraid. Look and still be kind. Look and not see. The Monster made a strangled pitiful noise in his throat.

"Who are you? I think you are a stranger to me," said the blind hermit, "But come in, my poor friend. Nobody will hurt you here."

"My poor friend." It was a tone the Monster had never heard. He took a step nearer. Kindness . . . No one had ever been kind to him before. Frankenstein had not taught him that feeling; only to feel fear and strike fear . . . On his shoulders, the hermit's groping hands were very gentle; and they were soothing when they touched his wounded head. "Perhaps you are afflicted too," the hermit said. "I am blind. Perhaps you can not speak."

Speech, kindness, and the need for friend; the things the hermit could teach better than Frankenstein. In one peaceful week in the little hut in the forest, the Monster's head healed; his burned and matted thatch was combed and grew again; he learned that he need not slay those who were kind to him, and that at least the hermit was kind.

"Bread," the hermit taught him waiting patiently until his awkward lips could form the syllable and "drink" and "good" and "bad". And the word "friend".

The hermit was his friend and friends were good. The Monster understood that Good, more even than the hermit's music, or than bread and drink. He needed friends.

The hermit was his friend for a week, until hunters came, and seeing and fearing and knowing him for what a fearful savage brute he was, led the good blind man away . . .

Then his trackless, lonely wanderings began again. But he knew now. Even he, the Monster needed a friend.

The girl Elizabeth was not his friend though. Nor Frankenstein. Though once he had obeyed Frankenstein . . . Pretorius might, perhaps, be called a friend. He had found him in the graveyard, and had given him food and drink. And brought him here.

If he did what Pretorius ordered, he should have a friend for life. A wife, Pretorius said. Out of dead entrails, as he himself had been wrought. Frankenstein should make a woman for his mate. He could laugh, now, seeing Frankenstein cower before him; Frankenstein, whom he had once obeyed . . .

"Sit down," he said, and saw Frankenstein pale to hear his voice.

"Do what he says, you must!" Then strode away.

Henry Frankenstein sat, white and trembling, in his chair. An imp of starlight glittered in the black eyes of Pretorius, and his white hair lifted in two horns athwart his head. Henry started. The devil himself! Until now he had doubted. Now that he knew, fear's icy hands caught his throat.

"Help! Help! The mistress!" old Minnie screamed in the corridor. "She's gone! The Monster!" She began to sob.

Henry leaped to his feet, but his fist, driven into Pretorius' face met only empty air . . .

"The only way to get her back safely again is to do nothing," Pretorius cackled. "Nothing, that is except . . . what he demands."

"There is only death in this, not life," Elizabeth had said. Even so, thought Frankenstein, the hideous experiment must go on . . .

On the table in the laboratory the swathed figure lay still in the moonlight, and Henry's hands trembled as he touched the sheet. Life out of death. Even if his soul

was sold to the devil, he could make it. He only, Henry Frankenstein and God . . . Bones from a graveyard, dust from a tomb, and a beating heart . . . and in a moment, new life . . . a woman to be the Monster's mate.

He turned on the current, delicately, and then stronger. The heart throbbed once, twice and stopped again.

"Shall I increase the current?" Pretorius questioned.

Henry shook his head. He was definitely the scientist now. "The heart is useless. I must have another and it must be sound," he said. "Perhaps a victim of sudden death — your friend in the hospital —" The heart Pretorius would bring might be from the hospital . . . But he would not question too closely. Who was he, who could make life, to question if a girl screamed once or twice as she was strangled on a windy corner?

The new heart beat, steady and sure as in life. Outside high over the laboratory, the wind rose and the storm clouds scudded and the rain beat. "Work!" said the Monster, towering over him. "Friend for me . . . wife!"

Shocked suddenly to sanity, Henry dropped his tools, laid the sheet over the still figure. What was this dreadful thing the devil's task, that he did? What of Elizabeth? "Have you brought her?" he asked the Monster. The creature shook his head.

"She waits. I wait too," the hollow voice said.

"I'll settle him for awhile," Pretorius said, and his voice as soothing as oil. "Elizabeth is well, and safe, I promise you. She is in good hands . . ."

Faint as in a dream he heard her voice calling.

"I am safe Henry, but oh how long? Henry come for me."

The thin wail died away.

"She is alive, and safe," Pretorius said. "The sooner our work is done, the sooner she will be returned to you . . ."

The heart is beating regularly now . . .

"Friend-wife" the Monster said.

Outside the storm raged still more wildly.

On the roof, the great kites caught the wind, and were tossed high and higher by the winds, into the storm clouds. The thin wires sang in the wind and their



The Monster, (Boris Karloff) studies the newly buried corpse, realizing that from this must come his mate. One as he, and one he may call friend. Boris Karloff's portrayal in *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, is one of tenderness and compassion. So believable was his characterization, that in its early release, *BRIDE* actually provoked many tears from many people. They laughed at each other, half wondering why. The reason is simple. They were watching a great actor put his soul into the part. Certainly Mary W. Shelly, could not have asked for more.

copper glinted in the lightning flashes; Henry clung to his kite-strand as the wind tossed his hair and laughed wildly insanely, into the thin face of the moon as it peered between two tattered clouds. Lightning flashed again and he knew that below, on the table, the motors had started, raising the huge structure through the great work-room's domed ceiling. Life out of the storm! He was building life.

Tying the kites to the windlass, he climbed down again.

Above, the lightning flashed, and under the great dome, the thunder roared, and reechoed. In the corner of the laboratory the Monster slept, a strange look of peace on his face. Henry stood, breathless while the table rose in the air. Elizabeth She had

said that death, not life would come from this. But there was nothing he could do now. He rode a river, now, that swept him onward in its course; a river that he could not check. If death should come, at least he would know for the second time, the triumph which he shared with the creator. For the second time he would have made life from the dust of death. Henry crossed himself, watching and longed suddenly despairingly, hopelessly for the comfort of Elizabeth's arms He breathed her name softly as the table hung, still in mid air.

And then high in mid air, on the hovering table something stirred and moaned. Henry clapped his hand over his mouth to cover a scream; and Doctor Pretorius leaped to the lever. In his corner,

the Monster woke from his stupor and stood, expectant.

Under the loosened bandages the slow eyelids fluttered, and lifted at least. Eyes that had looked on death . . . Henry gazed into them for a moment, and then stepped backward, shuddering. But she was beautiful. The girl was beautiful. Her hair lay dark and sleek beside her oval face, and her unlined brow was innocent and ageless. Her eyes looked deeply into Henry's and she smiled.

Even in the suffocating heat of the laboratory Henry shivered.

For he knew with a terrible foreknowledge that this girl was Death, and that Death herself, not Elizabeth was to be his bride

The girl slipped from the table.

Then suddenly her dark eyes filled with terror.



Henry Frankenstein, after hours of decision, pulls the switch that will again make him "God". Elizabeth's voice ringing in his ears, "... not Life but Death shall you create." A desperate man dangling on the brink of eternity.



Henry Frankenstein supports his new creation, The BRIDE (Elsa Lanchester) screams in horror

Somewhere to his left, Henry Frankenstein heard the Monster's slow footsteps; turned and saw the Monster's smile, the great hand outstretched. Pretorius' wiry fingers caught his wrist and he stepped backwards, out of the creature's way.

"Friend- wife-", the Monster said.

The girl screamed once, a cry of utter terror. The Monster stood still in his tracks, his eyes dull with pain.



But he stood only for a minute. Then he lunged forward, toward the great master switch on the laboratory wall.

"Look out, the lever!" Pretorius screamed. "There's enough voltage in that machine to blow us all to atoms!"

The girl turned, terrified, to Henry.

"She is like the rest," the Monster said. Elizabeth . . . terribly Henry felt his doom approaching. If only, once more, he could hold Elizabeth in his arms, lay his cheek against her soft hair, against the coolness of her face.

He heard swift footsteps on the stair outside and her voice calling him, faintly . . . "Henry".

Elizabeth pounded on the door, and Henry, freeing himself from the girl's arms, dashed toward it. Then he saw the Monster's hand on the lever.

"Go back . . . go back!", he screamed. "Go back, Elizabeth!"

Pretorius shrieked, once a cry that might have been fear or triumph. Then the monster, seeing himself and the evil that surrounded him made a silent remark . . . "We belong dead!", and with that flung the lever back . . .

Before the wild inferno of flame burst over him, Henry whispered once, the name of Elizabeth . . .

THE END

ED. NOTE: FRANKENSTEIN may come and go, but without question in my mind, **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** is the supreme example of this subject. Every horror and fantasy fan has a favorite, for whatever reason, a particular favorite. **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** is that favorite of mine.



THE LOST PLANET — Starring Judd Holdren. A bit more recent. Featuring some of the most popular faces in serials, VIVIAN MASON, TED THORP, and FOREST TAYLOR. Columbia produced.

ZOMBIES OF THE STRATOSPHERE — Starring Judd Holdren, Aline Towne. A film that utilized the KING OF THE ROCKETMEN approach, and was later squeezed into a feature called "SATAN'S SATELLITES".



MATINEE MARVELS—

Once upon a time you could see these thrilling serials at your local theatre for a dime. They'd even throw in a couple of features, and some cartoons. For those of you who remember here are some more memories for you. For those of you who know these films only through television, have missed some of the real excitement, mainly fighting the crowds to get in to see them.



UNDERSEA KINGDOM — Starring none other than RAY "CRASH" CORRIGAN himself. Produced by Nat Levine for Republic Pictures.

THE SILENT YEARS

It's not the easiest thing in the world to please everybody, but we try. Many of you have written in asking that we include some stills and articles on those films that became famous before the added thrill of sound. We are in the midst of preparing just such a section, complete with facts and figures, but in the meanwhile, here are two scenes from two very very famous silent horror classics, just to wet your appetite.



Tod Browning's **FREAKS**

This still of the "duck woman" is a good example of the kind of horror this film created. It wasn't that they were monsters, but rather mishapen human beings. **FREAKS**, in many ways is a study in sadness. The masterful touch of the genius director Tod Browning brought the struggle of such people into sharp focus.



Lon Chaney's **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**—

The man of a thousand faces most memorable role, that of Eric, a hideous man in a world of his own, who's burning love caused his downfall. **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**, played to perfection by the late Chaney Sr., was a sensitive character study that needed no sound, for the tortured face of the sufferer was clearly pronounced.

THE CLASSICS LIVE AGAIN

THE WOLFMAN
Starring: CLAUDE RAINES
RALPH BELLAMY
WARREN WILLIAM
PATRIC KNOWLES
BELA LUGOSI
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA
EVELYN ANKERS

and
LON CHANEY as The Wolfman
Released Nov. 15, 1941

Following the accidental death of his older brother, Larry Talbot, (LON CHANEY) returns to ancient Talbot Castle after 18 years in America, and is warmly welcomed by his father, Sir John (CLAUDE RAINES).

Later, while peering through the telescope in his father's observatory Larry accidentally spies pretty Gwen Conliffe (EVELYN ANKERS) in her bedroom. Larry determines to meet her.

Saying that he wishes to become acquainted with the villagers, Larry goes into the village and drops into the antique shop owned by Gwen's father. As a pretext to meet Gwen, he buys a cane with a silver wolf's head surrounded by a pentagram. Gwen explains that it is the sign of the werewolf, half-man, half-beast, legendary figure for untold generations.

According to the legend, the werewolf always sees the sign of the pentagram and wolf's head on his next victim. And this is just what Bela (BELA LUGOSI), gypsy fortune teller, sees in the palm of Jenny, (FAY HELM), Gwen's girl friend, when Gwen and Larry take her to a gypsy carnival.

Jenny flees in terror from Bela. Larry, who has wandered off with Gwen, hears her scream and rushes to her rescue. He arrives in time to see a giant wolf making his kill. Larry clubs the beast to death with his cane, but he is himself badly bitten.

At the castle the next morning, Larry finds himself miraculously recovered . . . except for the faint mark of the wolf's head and pentagram over his heart. The mystery is heightened when everyone scoffs at his story of a wolf, there hasn't been one in the vicinity for years, and when the villagers do not find the body of an animal, but of Bela.





Despite Sir John's objections, Col. Montford (RALPH BELLAMY), chief constable of the district, and Dr. Lloyd (WARREN WILLIAM) agree that Jenny was killed by a mad dog, and that Larry accidentally killed Bela in the darkness and confusion.

When Larry learns that Gwen is engaged to Frank Andrews (PATRIC KNOWLES), a young game-keeper, he decides not to intrude. But he sees her again after Gwen and her fiancé quarrel. There is a tense moment when Larry and Gwen are drawn together by some morbid fascination, then she runs from him.

It is then that Maleva (MARIA OUSPENSKAYA), Bela's mother, calls Larry to her tent and tells him that, having been bitten by a werewolf, he has become one himself, and thus was it with her son.

Larry scoffs feebly, but there is a turbulence within him. It grows when he awakens to find wolf tracks in his room, sees his grotesque and disheveled in the mirror, and

learns that there has been another murder, and the wolf has been traced to the Talbot Castle.

Larry decides to leave, and bids goodbye to Gwen, but as he does, he sees the werewolf sign upon her!

In desperation, Larry confesses everything to Sir John, but the latter dismisses it as imagination. Nevertheless, he ties Larry to a chair, believing that his son will be able to rid himself of what he believes to be mental trouble. Armed with his son's cane, Sir John leaves to join the villagers in the hunt for the murderer.

The cry of the wolf pierces the night, and Sir John reaches the scene just as the beast is about to make Gwen his victim. Sir John clubs the werewolf, which sinks into death. Maleva, who has followed Larry since that fateful night, repeats the ministrations of the gypsies over the body, which slowly reassumes human shape. The villagers see that it was Larry Talbot, and despite Sir John's refusal to believe what his own eyes have shown him, they know the killings will stop.





SHOCK THEATRE



BLACK FRIDAY
STARS BORIS KARLOFF &
BELA LUGOSI
WITH: ANNE NAGEL &
STANLEY RIDGES
Directed by: Arthur Lubin
Screenplay by: Kurt Siodmak &
Eric Taylor
Released: 1940

STORY:
Dr. Ernest Sovac, famed surgeon, is taking his friend Prof. George Kingsley, to the station. Behind them is a car containing Eric Marney, a criminal. As Kingsley alights, the gangsters fire at Cannon, another gangster, and the latter's car crashes into Kingsley. At the hospital Sovac transplants part of Cannon's brain to Kingsley.

Recovered, Kingsley goes to New York, to a hotel where Cannon had hidden a large sum of money belonging to Marney. The wail of a siren reacts on Kingsley, turning him into Cannon, and he kills one of Marney's men. Later, Kingsley finds the money, kills Marney and Cannon's girl, Sunny. Sovac steals the money and kills Kingsley. Convicted of the crime, Sovac protests he has made a contribution to science.

CALLING DR. DEATH
STARS: LON CHANEY,
PATRICIA MORRISON
WITH: J. CARROL NAISH &
DAVID BRUCE
Directed by: Reginald LeBorg
Screenplay by: Edward Dein
Release date: 1943

STORY:
Dr. Mark Steele, prominent neurologist, is confronted with a serious problem of his own, Mrs. Steele. Maria Steele is destroying their marriage through her maliciously planned unfaithfulness. Stella Madden assistant to Dr. Steele, is in love with her employer.

Maria leaves for a weekend with Robert Duval. Mark and Stella are informed by Inspector Gregg, that Mrs. Steele has been murdered. Duval is convicted but the neurologist is convinced that the man is not guilty. On the eve of Duval's electrocution, as Stella dozes fitfully, Mark darkens the office, and switches on the glaring needle of light that induces patients' concentration necessary for hypnosis. With Stella in the trance, Inspector Gregg hears the girl admit killing Mrs. Steele.





THE MUMMY'S TOMB

**STARS: LON CHANEY,
TURHAN BEY**

**WITH: DICK FORAN,
ELYSE KNOX**

**Directed by: Harold Young
Screenplay by: Griffin Jay &
Henry Sucher**

Released: 1942

STORY:

Archaeologist Stephan Banning, his nephew John, and John's fiancée Isobel Evans, do not know that Mehemet Bey, cemetery caretaker, is a fanatical Egyptian priest. Mehemet has vowed vengeance against Stephan, whom he believes has defiled the tomb of Kharis.

Stephan is mysteriously slain, but Babe Hanson recognizes the strange marks left by the mummy. Babe is also killed. Mehemet compels the mummy to bring Isobel to a crypt. The townspeople, led by John, follow the mummy to the cemetery where the men kill Mehemet. The mummy escapes to the Banning residence with Isobel. Trapped in the house, the mummy tosses Isobel out the window into the arms of the waiting man. John rushes into the house with a torch that sets the mummy on fire.

A regular feature of MODERN MONSTERS. SHOCK THEATRE is a "thumbnail sketch" of some of the old-timers, and a still from the same. Whenever possible we will find a still never before published, for your collection.

For those of you unfamiliar with this section, we do not include any editorial likes or dislikes, only the facts.

**THE INVISIBLE MAN
RETURNS**

**STARS: SIR CEDRIC HARD-
WICK, VINCENT
PRICE**

**WITH: CECIL KELLAWAY &
NAN GREY**

Directed by: Joe May

**Screenplay by: Kurt Siodmak &
Lester Cole**

Based on a story by: Joe May

Released: 1940

Sentenced to be executed for the murder of his brother Michael, Geoffrey Radcliff escapes when Dr. Frank Griffin makes him invisible. Inspector Sampson learns that Griffin's brother discovered the formula for human invisibility.

The Invisible Man learns that Richard Cobb murdered Michael. Cobb escapes. The Invisible Man follows him to a coal escalator.

The Invisible Man is shot. However, the car tips over, and Cobb falls to his death in the mine shaft. Before he dies, he confesses to the murder of Michael Radcliff. Weak from loss of blood, The Invisible Man makes his way to the mine hospital. Helen Manson, his fiancée, gives him a transfusion. Her blood turns out to be the antidote which restores Geoffrey, The Invisible Man to visibility.



THE HOUSE



WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE: Raymond Holmwood has brought his new wife, Laura to his family home, not lived in since the strange death of his sister, Justine. Since Raymond and Justine were left as children much to their own devices, a feeling grew between them that was a bit unnatural. Justine had taken care of her little brother for so long, that she refused to believe any one else would ever come between them. When Raymond grew to be a man, Justine in her attempt to continue her childish game, insisted he and she remove themselves from the world. He not wishing to do this, left,

and she vowing her revenge on him and any who would befriend him, died suddenly, unexplained. Now he had come back, and with a wife. The evil spirit of Justine, still lurking within the walls would certainly fix that. As they arrive, a light is seen in the top left window. It goes out. The window was the last room Justine spent any time in after Ray's departure. At least the last room that saw her alive.

I knew that I had to get my wits about me. This was nonsense. Justine's evil stories had begun to rub off on me. I was doing exactly

what she would have wanted me to do, were she alive, run! Well I wasn't going to run. I wasn't a little boy any more, and her ghost stories had lost their effect.

Laura looked to me for strength, and I wasn't going to let her down. We drove the car up to the front door, turned the lights out and parked. "It's a lucky thing you thought of the flashlight. This isn't exactly the most lighted spot in the world". Laura's comment was an obvious attempt for bravery, as it was obvious she was, to say the least, nervous.

Stepping on the boards of the old porch was indeed another experience since they seemed to call out to me a warning. They creaked, and moaned much like a human being's last lament. As the big door opened, and the dark sitting room loomed before us, draped in dusty sheets, my heart doubled its beat. This was a mistake, and I knew it, but I couldn't run. Not now! I remembered the place. It hadn't changed one bit, and its atmosphere of deep impending loneliness screamed from the old and semi-chipped walls. What could I have been thinking about? Why would anyone want to bring anyone else here? Laura, suddenly let out a scream, that sent the icy finger of death running up my spine. She held on to me, and pointed. I should have known, and warned her, but I had forgotten in my own fear. There, directly before us, was a portrait of Justine. It was as realistic as though it were alive. The eyes seemed to be staring at us, and the faint glimmer of moonlight coming in from the sealed windows had just hit it right. Laura was shaking, and I again tried to become the "tower of strength". Realizing the longer we stood here, the more frightened we would both get, I managed to find the light switch, and hoped the real estate people had gotten my message to turn the electricity back on. They had! Thank God for small favors. With the lights on, the place and its sinister mood, looked somewhat less dangerous. Laura and I could once more conduct ourselves like grown people, rather than scared children.

Now Laura's womanly curiosity got the better of her, and she began looking for the kitchen. She walked about the place, making little remarks like, "It's really very regal, in other ways quaint". Who was she kidding? The "HOUSE Of Frankenstein" was more quaint. As we made our way into the kitchen, a whistling breeze caught the front door, and slammed it! We walked a bit faster after that. Once in the kitchen, I spied a set of artist brushes in the sink. Justine had been an accomplished artist, and had the habit of leaving her brushes

all over the place. This didn't bother me, since the place had not been touched since her death, and it was not that strange that there should still be brushes in the sink. This was no call for alarm. Before I had time to even dwell on the subject, the scurrying of little feet under the master sink, diverted my attention. We were not alone. Maybe the place wasn't haunted by ghosts, but it was occupied with rats, a thought that I found a bit distasteful. I had been bitten as a child, and it was Justine who had come to my rescue by hitting the rodent with a steel poker. Laura opened the stone door on the old stove, and as she did, a huge grey rat leaped out at her, red eyes flashing. It was as big as a good size alley cat, and as much as I hated the furry devils, I stood between it and she. The rat had us cornered. There was little doubt that one of us would feel his teeth in a matter of minutes, and since I had put myself bravely out in front, I knew I would be the lucky victim. The rat glared at me, and slowly, almost mythodically approached me. He assumed a position as though he were ready to jump, when suddenly he fell. I dared not move, because nothing made sense for a minute. He was dead! He didn't move an inch. Then the old drapes began blowing violently, and the wind moved Laura and I into a corner. The kitchen door opened and closed from the force of the wind. She wasn't hiding anymore. I was home, and she, again, was protecting me, as she always had. Just why, I didn't know at the time, but I prayed for the dawn. It all flashed clearly in my mind. Justine, who had planned everything in life to the letter, had, indeed, planned her other life. She had found the secret to reaching beyond the grave. The light in the window was no accident, the slamming doors was no accident, and the rat was as carefully planned as the rest. The wild, unrealistic statements she had made in life, were becoming a reality, and she was bragging about them. The only power that could stop this evil was the power Laura and I could share. Together, all Justine could do, is threaten. It was one life fighting another life. I turned to Laura. She stared into my eyes, not the warm girl that minutes ago was exploring a house, but something cold had crept into her soul. A cold chill froze me to the spot as I gazed at the black poker on her lap.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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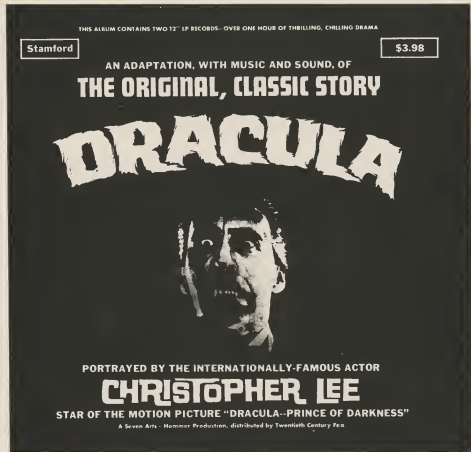
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